The Ash Grove

DAd tuning

1. The Ash Grove how graceful, how plainly 'Tis grace
2. Down yonder green valley where streamlets me -
3. My laughter is over, my step loses

Dulcimer

D A7 D Bm G A7

speaking the Harp through it playing has language for
and. When twilight is dancing I pensively
lightness, old countryside measures still soft on my

D Bm E A7

me, Whenever the light through its branches is
roam. Or at the bright noon-tide in solitude
ears, I only remember the past and its

D A7 D Bm G A7

breaking, a host of kind faces is gazing on
wander, amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash
brightness, the dear ones I mourn for again gather

D A7 D Bm G A7

D Dulcimer
The Ash Grove

me. The friends of my childhood again are be-

Grove. 'Twas there where the black-birds were cheer-

fully here. From out of the shadows their loving looks

fore me each step wakes a memory as freely I

sing ing I first met that dear one, the joy of my

greet me, and wistfully searching the leafy green dome, I

roam. With soft whispers laden its leaves rustle

heart. Around us for gladness, the blue bells were

find other faces fond-bending to greet me,

o'er me, the Ash Grove the Ash Grove a lone is my

ring ing. the Ash Grove the Ash Grove that sheltered my

the Ash Grove the Ash Grove a lone is my

the Ash Grove the Ash Grove a lone is my

home. home. home.